THE CHARACTER AND ADVENTURES OF MULADEVA.

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Any selection of Hindu fiction might fitly open with the only story that attempts a continuous account of Mūladeva's adventures, because Mūladeva is one of the very few figures in Hindu fiction that may be described as a "character." In general the personnel of Hindu fiction is made up of stock or lay figures. Such are, above all, the young prince, usually of ineffable beauty, virtue, strength and skill, who contrives to get himself separated from his happy home, and starts upon a career of adventure. This leads up to a union with a no less hyperbolically beautiful and virtuous princess. The hero, for his part, is liable to be carried off by a mettlesome horse into the wilderness, where his adventures begin. He is pretty sure to come upon the heroine in some unpleasant predicament, such as a prospective uncongenial marriage, or, when she is in some personal danger. *E. g.*, times without end, the hero saves the beautiful maiden from an infuriated elephant, usually by throwing his upper garment before the elephant's trunk.[1] Or, quite in the manner of St. George and the dragon, he saves the princess from a bloodthirsty Rākṣasa.[2] In the end he marries her, and she, incidentally, bestows her father's kingdom upon him.

Very frequently the prince is attended by a faithful friend, perchance the son of his father's chief minister. The two, as boys, had played in the sand together, that is, had made mud-pies together.[3] This friend is prone to display much heroism and self-sacrifice in behalf of the prince: he is a stock figure of the better sort. Simi-

[1] Kathāsaritsāgara 89; Story of Bambhadatta, in Jacobi's "Ausgewählte Erzählungen," p. 16, l. 19 ff.; "Story of Agaḍadatta," ibid., p. 71, stanzas 53 ff.

[2] Kathāsaritsāgara 79; Vetālapañcaviṅçati 5.

[3] Such a person is called in Sanskrit, pāṅsukrīḍita (Pariçiṣṭaparvan, p. 123; cf. Harṣa-Carita 1, Bombay edition, 1897, p. 17; in Pāli, paṅsukīlita (Jātaka 83 and 519); Mahāvāstu 3. 451; in Prākrit, paṅsukīliya, Jacobi's "Ausgewählte Erzählungen," p. 20, l. 16.

larly, the heroine has a faithful female friend, who is almost invariably the go-between, or love's messenger (*servus currens*) between herself and the hero. The lady, as a rule, takes the initiative, by look or act, in establishing relations with her lover-to-be.

Comfortably settled kings, in their maturer years, are also taken with a kind of "wanderlust," and roam in search of adventures.[4] Merchants and merchants' sons start on quests of trade and wealth; travel to a great distance; suffer ship-wreck; are rescued by dangerous sirens; are destroyed by them; or attain in the end marvelous prosperity. Holy men, gifted with supernatural powers, wander about; whensoever they are treated properly they secure the happiness of deserving lay persons. On the other hand, all sorts of rogues in the guise of holy men play tricks under the mantle of their sanctity, usually to meet with discomfiture and disgrace in the end. Faithful or faithless wives; noble or degraded courtezans; gamblers, thieves, and robbers are further instances of the stereotyped dramatis personæ of Hindu fiction. To a very considerable extent all these adventures are lifted to a higher plane of romanticism by the interference, or *deus ex machina* coöperation of supernatural beings: benign gods, magic-loving Vidyādharas, Yakṣas, and heavenly nymphs, called Apsaras. And all persons, divine or human, operate with supernatural agencies: magic objects that grant wishes, or perform wonderful acts; powerful charms; the forecast of dreams; the prophecies of holy men and women.

The adventures of all these personages contain as a rule no very continuous plots. They usually consist of a chain of salient, individual, romantic episodes, strung together, one after another. Quite frequently, one or the other of the happenings are in the nature of an anecdote, or prank, or trick which one person in the story plays upon the other. In this latter phase of fiction puns and riddles often play a part. The separate events of a story rarely unfold character, and do not necessarily contribute to such *dénouement* as the story may happen to have. There is the familiar boxing of story within story, and frequently the events told in one and the same story are really different events which merely overlap each other at some one point.

[4] See Prabandhacintāmaṇi, Tawney's Translation, pp. 12, 30, 42.

The real interest of Hindu fiction lies in the ingenuity, imaginativeness, and shrewdness of each unit of story-telling. Taken in bulk, these stories seem fairly to exhaust all the permutations which can be imagined to arise from the juncture of real or fictitious persons and things with the circumstances of time and place. Therefore, the individual motifs of story or fairy-tale, as found with other peoples, seem to hold a kind of mass-meeting on the great arena of Hindu fiction. As is well known, the ancient treasury of narrative which India pours out lavishly from the time of the Rig-Veda to this day, passed freely beyond the bounds of India. Not only the stories and fables of entire cycles, such as the Pañcatantra, or the 'Seventy Tales of the Parrot,' were exported bodily and taken over by other literatures, but numberless individual stories and individual story traits penetrated to the farthest ends of the earth. It is, at any rate, rather hard to find, in the rest of the world, fable or fiction traits of marked character which do not own to an Indian analogon; many a time they may, at least, be suspected to be of Indian origin. As a corollary to this last condition, nearly all the more important motifs are intensely repetitious in the Hindu narratives themselves, so that, as a matter of external experience, there are neither absolutely original fables or stories, nor absolutely original collections of such fables or stories.

With all this wealth of themes, and the clever way in which they are worked up, the Hindu story rarely goes beyond the limits of a sort of thin novelette. Real types of men and women are, as a rule, either wanting, or they are indicated by crude, sometimes contradictory delineation. The biography of Mūladeva, though dwelled upon with some insistence, is no exception to the rule; yet it fulfils to a certain extent more modern requirements as regards delineation of character. The stories told about him show more real sequence, closer interlocking of cause and effect than is customary in Hindu fiction.

The most important story of Mūladeva is preserved in Devendra's Vṛtti, a sort of commentary on the Jain text called the Uttarādhyāyana. Mūladeva, moreover, figures in an autobiographic episode of his own life, narrated by himself to a king in Kathāsaritsāgara

124, or at the end of the tenth book of the Bṛhatkathāmañjarī. Again, in the fifteenth 'Tale of the Vampire' (Vetālapañcaviṅçati), he acts a Mephistophelic part in involving a princess in two marriages, arranged so trickily that it is hard to say which husband she really belongs to. Mūladeva figures occasionally in other stories; in addition, a lively tradition of a very variegated sort shows that he has fixed himself as a "character" in the imagination of the Hindu people through many centuries. Yet even Devendra's biography is rather in the nature of an impressionist sketch than a well-knit novel. Nor is his characterization in tradition as a whole by any means consistent: he has traits of Simplicissimus, Tyl Eulenspiegel, Cagliostro, Mephisto, and others. On the whole he is a rogue whose pranks have endeared him to the popular heart as a shifty, yet delectable figure, who may however, as in Devendra's story, occasionally be taken more seriously and padded out into a sort of hero.

The life history of Mūladeva fitly begins with his own name,[5] which seems to mean "Wizard," literally, "He who makes roots his divinity." Within the sphere of narrative in which Mūladeva figures, magic practices by means of roots are still as familiar as they were in the time of the Atharva-Veda.[6] Mūladeva is identified, next, with Karṇīsuta,[7] an author on the "Science of Thieving" (steyaçāstra-pravartaka). Karṇīsuta is said to be a Karaṭaka, some sort of gentile designation. In Daçakumāracarita, Apahāravarman, one of the princes who narrates his own adventures, himself a great scoundrel, tells how he decided to follow the way of Karṇīsuta, in order to teach the misers of a certain city the instability of wealth, by the simple device of stealing that wealth. At the end of the same story King Rājavāhana, after hearing Apahāra-

[5] Cited by the Kāçikā at Pāṇini 8. 2. 18.

[6] See Bloomfield, "The Atharva-Veda," General Index, p. 135[b]; Schmidt, Beiträge zur Indischen Erotik, pp. 739, 740; Prabandhacintāmaṇi (Tawney's Translation), p. 191.

[7] In the Lexicon called Hārāvalī, as cited by the commentary to Subandhu's Vāsavadattā; see Weber, "Indische Streifen," i. 383, note 2; Pavolini, GSAI. ix. 176; Meyer's translation of Daçakumāracarita, pp. 215, 244. Bālakṛṣṇa to Bāṇa's Kādambarī, in a roundabout fashion, also makes the same identification; see p. 621.

varman's rascally story, exclaims: "Why, you have gone Karṇīsuta's rough practices one better!"

Karṇīsuta goes, all told, by four names: (1) Mūladeva. (2) Mūlabhadra, perhaps, "Servant of Roots": the name is little more than an equivalent of Mūladeva. (3) Kalāṅkura, "Shoot of Accomplishments," that is, "Product of the 64[8] kalā's," or accomplishments, which belong to a *routiné* man of the world, or man about town, the typical nāyaka or "hero," a sort of "devil of a fellow," as he is sketched ideally and systematically in the scheme of the (to us) villanous Kāmaçāstras,[9] or "Love-Bibles" of India. (4) Karṇīsuta (Karṇīcuta[10]), and Karṇīputra, *i. e.*, "Son of Karṇī," a mother about whom we hear nothing, perhaps a courtezan. Else we should, according to Hindu models, expect a patronymic, rather than a metronymic. "Sons of maidens" (kumārīputra, kānīna) are well-known in Sanskrit literature, *e. g.*, VS. 30. 6; TB. 3. 4. 1. 2; Manu 9. 160, 172. In the two Vedic texts he typifies lust or pleasure (pramad, pramud).

This fourth name is similar to that of a frequently mentioned author of amatory literature, namely Goṇīputraka, Goṇikāputra, and Goṇikāsuta, *i. e.* "Son of Goṇī or Goṇikā." In the introduction to the Pañcasāyaka, "Five arrows (of the God of Love)," occurs the expression goṇīputraka-mūladeva-bhaṇitam, which looks for all the world as tho it meant "Mūladeva, the Son of Goṇī." In the same text Goṇīsuta and Mūladeva are mentioned once more, tho not side by side, as authorities; no other authors are mentioned at all. This also looks as tho the names were interchangeable, especially when we consider that the text is metrical and is liable to require differing quantities in a tetrasyllable; see Richard Schmidt, "Beiträge zur Indischen Erotik," p. 918 ff. The same author, p. 46, remarks

[8] Prabandhacintāmaṇi, p. 32, counts 72 accomplishments. So also Devendra, in the story of Agaḍadatta (Jacobi's "Ausgewählte Erzählungen"), stanza 22. See the list in Prabhāvaka-Carita (ed. Hīrānanda U. Sharmā), p. 132.

[9] Not so the Hindus. They regard the Kāmaçāstra as a legitimate Çāstra. *E. g.*, in the Prabandhacintāmaṇi, p. 63, Vātsyāyana's Kāmaçāstra is regarded as on a par with the three Vedas, the Raghuvaṅça, and the Arthaçāstra (Kāuṭilīya) of Cāṇakya.

[10] This spelling due, perhaps, to Prākrit cuta "fallen," the standard expression for passing from a higher to a lower existence in the course of transmigration.

that Goṇīputra, and the like, are metronymics of an author whose real name is no longer known. It is probable, therefore, that Mūladeva, Karṇīputra, and Goṇīputra are one and the same man. In any case there is no occasion for scepticism as regards the identity of Mūladeva and Karṇīsuta. Bāṇa's Kādambarī (Peterson's edition, p. 19, l. 16) states that the Vindhya forest, like the story of Karṇīsuta, had its Vipulācala and Çaça. This is euphuistic indirection (vakrokti) for, "it had extensive mountains and was frequented by hares." The word for mountain is acala, and the word for hare is çaça. These two words figure in the Mūladeva legends as proper names of persons, and thus make out a mathematical equation between Mūladeva and Karṇīsuta.

So much for the name. As regards Mūladeva's character we may begin with his performances as an author. In Kṣemendra's Kalāvilāsa,[11] a satirical treatise on the foibles or tricks inherent in sundry walks of life, Mūladeva appears as the mentor (a sort of Viṣṇuçarman) of a young merchant's son, Candragupta. Mūladeva is designated as dhūrtapati, "prince of rogues." As such he is supposed to be a fit teacher of a young man of wealth and family, the point being that Mūladeva is best able to save a youth from the pitfalls of rogues and courtezans.

Next, he is, as was pointed out above, shining authority on kāmaçāstra: the Pañcasāyaka refers to him several times on intimate questions of the *ars amatoria*.[12] This is supported by a text called Çaktiratnakara, which deals with the secret cult of Durgā; he is there mentioned along with a set of kāmaçāstra authors which for the most part are cited elsewhere in this sphere of literature.[13] If my surmise is correct, that Goṇikāputra is no other than Mūladeva himself, his authority in this line of literature rises in the scale. Incidental mentions in literature show his adroitness not only in

[11] The text is published in the series Kāvyamālā, fascicles 1 and 2 (1886). An analysis of its contents is given by J. J. Meyer, in the Introduction to his translation of the Samayāmāṭṛkā, pp. xl ff. Cf. also Sylvain Lévi, "La Bṛhatkathāmañjarī de Kṣemendra," p. 11 (reprint). In Çukasaptati, 23, the merchant Candra entrusts, similarly, his son to the pander Dhūrtāmāyā, to teach him the wiles and tricks of bad women.

[12] See Schmidt, "Beiträge," pp. 50, 879, 919.

[13] See Charpentier, "Paccekabuddhageschichten," p. 58.

practices, but also in wise saws pertaining to love. In Kathāsaritsāgara 98 (Vetālapañcaviṅçati 24) a son encourages his widowed father to marry again, by means of a stanza composed by Mūladeva: "Who, that is not a fool, enters that house in which there is no shapely love eagerly awaiting his return, which tho called a house, is really a prison without chains?" A scholiast to the Saptaçataka of Hāla[14] cites a hemistich by Mūladeva of quite similar import: "It's no use anointing yourself with fragrant unguents, if you haven't a light-o'-love." In the 30th Story of the Parrot (Çukasaptati) two demons (piçācas) quarrel over the beauty of their respective wives. They catch hold of Mūladeva, who is to decide. He, thinking in his soul that both their she-devils are passing ugly, wriggles out with the verse: "To every lover in the world she alone seems charming that is his love; no other." The same riddle in Mahābhārata, Kathāsaritsāgara, and in the story of Oedipus; see Tawney's note to his Translation of Kathāsaritsāgara, i. 26.

Mūladeva is, however, not merely the theoretic academician of love. Tradition has him the practical promoter of love: wherever there be some beauty to conquer, either on his own account, or on the account of others, he pushes himself forward. More especially, in love-affairs of the shady sort, Mūladeva is the standard resort. Or, he plays the part of a mischievous devil in connection with illicit loves. Thus, as regards the last point, in the "Tales of the Parrot," 22, a farmer's wife who is in the habit of carrying him his dinner amuses herself with her paramour on the way. She deposits the dinner-kettle on the road, and Mūladeva puts in camel's meat. When her husband inquires suspiciously she, quick as a flash, answers: "Sir, I dreamt that you would be eaten by a camel, and have played this prank to nullify the omen." Another time, in an unsavory little story told in the Jain Āvaçyaka Niryukti, Mūladeva is on the road with a boon companion, a sort of *fidus Achates,* who is here named Kaṇḍarīka. They come across another traveler with his wife. When Kaṇḍarīka is smitten with the charms of the woman, Mūladeva tricks the husband.

Mūladeva climbs to the pinnacle of tricky mischief, as "lord of

[14] Cf. Weber, Das Saptaçatakam des Hāla, p. xxv.

rogues" in affairs of love, in the 15th Vampire story, as told in the Kathāsaritsāgara 89, or the 14th story in Çivadāsa's version of the same book. A young Brahman, Manaḥsvāmin, saves the life of a princess Çaçiprabhā from an infuriated elephant. The two young people, of course, fall madly in love with each other. Manaḥsvāmin, who is not eligible, goes to visit that master of magic, Mūladeva. Then that matchless deceiver places a magic globule into his mouth, and transforms himself into an ancient Brahman. He gives a second globule to Manaḥsvāmin, who turns into a beautiful maiden. And that prince of villains took him in this disguise to the judgment-hall of the king, the father of his lady-love, and said to him: "O king, I have only one son, and I asked for a maiden to be given him to wife, and brought her from a long distance. But now he has gone somewhere or other, and I am going to look for him; so keep this maiden safe for me, until I bring back my son; for you keep safe under your protection the whole world."[15] Needless to say, the king accepts the charge; gives Manaḥsvāmin as a companion to Çaçiprabhā; the two marry by the Gandharva rite; and Manaḥsvāmin is a woman by day and an ardent lover by night, using the simple device of putting in and taking out the magic globule.

In time the brother-in-law of the king gives his daughter, Mṛgāṅkavatī, in marriage to the son of his minister. The princess Çaçiprabhā is invited to her cousin's marriage, and goes there with her ladies-in-waiting, including Manaḥsvāmin, wearing the form of a young maiden of exquisite beauty. The fresh bridegroom becomes distracted with love on beholding Manaḥsvāmin. There were no difficulty in his marrying Manaḥsvāmin as a second wife, but how can the king who has him (or her) in keeping for another husband, a Brahman's son, permit this marriage? It is decided to send the minister's son on a journey of six months; if, when he returns, the Brahman has not come back to claim the maiden, he may marry her also. Manaḥsvāmin, the trick-maiden, remains behind with Mṛgāṅkavatī. The two girls become very affectionate, until finally

[15] The same ruse in similar stories, Çukasaptati 62; Pramati's adventure, Daçakumāracarita 5; Kathāsaritsāgara 7. 40–87; Vīracarita 8 (*Indische Studien,* xiv. 153 ff.).

the pupil of that master-rogue tells her: "I have a boon from Viṣṇu, by which I can at pleasure become a man during the night, so I will now become one for your sake." Then they elope before the minister's son, the husband of Mṛgāṅkavatī, returns to claim the man-woman Manaḥsvāmin, who had been promised him as his second wife.

One should think that Mūladeva would be content with the impish mischief done so far. Not he. Again he takes on the guise of the old Brahman, turns his Leporello (who is this time called Çaçin) into a young Brahman, his supposed son, and goes to claim Manaḥsvāmin as his daughter-in-law from the fiduciary king. The latter is, of course, unable to deliver the goods, and, afraid of the feigned stern Brahman anger of Mūladeva, gives his own daughter Çaçiprabhā to Çaçin, by way of compensation.

Then Mūladeva takes this bridal couple to his own home, where Manaḥsvāmin meets them, and a fierce dispute takes place between the latter and Çaçin in the presence of that Mūladeva. Manaḥsvamin says: "This Çaçiprabhā should be given to me; for, long ago, when she was a maiden, I married her by the favor of the master (*i. e.,* Mūladeva)." Çaçin says: "You fool, what have you to do with her? She is my wife, for her own father bestowed her on me in the presence of the fire." The story cleverly dodges the decision of the dispute.

There is one charming story which Mūladeva narrates to the famous legendary king Vikramāditya, as illustrating the virtue and resourcefulness of a true wife. It is told in Kathāsaritsāgara 124, and, in a poor digest, in Bṛhatkathāmañjarī 10. 272 ff. As behoves the atmosphere of our hero, it is full of quips and pranks, but the joke is rather on Mūladeva, who narrates it with a sort of humorous self-persiflage. Mūladeva, in company with Çaçin, arrives at Pāṭaliputra, and, after some witty preliminary passes, full of give and take, with some of the inhabitants,[16] Mūladeva falls in love with a saucy Brahman's daughter who had shamed them by her wit. He ingratiates himself with her father, and manages to marry her; she

[16] The quip with the mango-fruits recurs in Prabandhacintāmaṇi (Tawney's Translation), pp. 5, 6.

does not remember that they had previously exchanged repartee. At night he recalls himself to her memory, when she says: "Yes, country bumpkins are tricked in this way by city wits." Then he replies: "Rest you fair, city wit; I vow that the country bumpkin will desert you and go far away." She then vows in her turn that a son of hers by him shall bring him back again. He puts a ring on her finger, and promptly makes off to Ujjayinī, in love with her, but wishing to make trial of her cleverness.

Then the Brahman's daughter starts off to Ujjayinī in the guise of a splendidly equipped hetæra, calling herself Sumaṅgalā. There she poses as the beauty of the world, a position which she is able to maintain through her father's wealth and her own charm. She is approached by many suitors, but manages to elude them. Mūladeva narrates with gleeful unction, how his own friend Çaçin was chased from pillar to post in an attempt to reach her. Finally Mūladeva himself is admitted to her presence and favor. He does not recognize her as his own wife, but lives with her in great mutual love for some time, until she forges a letter from her supposititious sovereign, and disappears as she came, returning, of course, to her home in Pāṭaliputra.

In due time she gives birth to a boy by Mūladeva. This boy, at the age of twelve, is wonderfully accomplished. In a quarrel he beats with a creeper a fisher-boy who is, of course, of low caste, and the boy throws into his teeth: "You beat me, tho nobody knows who your father is; for your mother roamed about in foreign lands, and you were born to her by some husband or other."[17] The boy then extracts from his mother the whole story, including his father's name, and finally exclaims: "Mother, I will go and bring my father back a captive; I will make your promise good!"

At this point Mūladeva's own narrative becomes too good to be shortened. "The boy set out and reached this city of Ujjayinī. And he came and saw me playing dice in the gambling-hall, making certain of my identity from the description his mother had given him, and he conquered in play all who were there, and he astonished every one there by showing such remarkable cunning, tho a mere child.

[17] Cf. Prabandhacintāmaṇi, p. 170.

Then he gave away to the needy all the money he had won at play. And at night he came and stole my bedstead from under me, letting me down gently on a heap of cotton while I remained asleep." We must remember that gambling is Mūladeva's pet vice which brings him to grief in Devendra's novel, and that, furthermore, he is "prince of thieves," author of a steya-çāstra or "thieves' bible." Stealing a bedstead from under such as he, is like stealing the white of Sherlock Holmes' eyes. Mūladeva continues: "So when I woke up, and saw myself on a heap of cotton, without a bedstead, I was at once filled with mixed feelings of shame, amusement, and astonishment. Then, O king, I went at my leisure to the market-place, and, roaming about, I saw there that boy selling the bedstead. So I went up to him and said: 'For what price will you give me this bedstead?' Then the boy said to me, 'You cannot get the bedstead for money, O crest-jewel of cunning ones; but you may get it by telling some strange and wonderful story.' When I heard that I said to him, 'Then I will tell you a marvelous tale. And, if you understand it and admit that it is really true, you may keep the bedstead; but if you say that it is not true and that you do not believe it, you will be illegitimate, and I shall get back the bedstead. Now listen! Formerly there was a famine in the kingdom of a certain king; that king himself cultivated the back of the beloved of the boar with great loads of spray from the chariot of the snakes. Enriched with the grain thus produced the king put a stop to the famine among his subjects, and gained the esteem of man.'

"When I said this the boy laughed and said: 'The chariots of the snakes are the clouds; the beloved of the boar is the earth, for she is said to have been most dear to Viṣṇu in his boar incarnation; and what is there to be astonished at in the fact that rain from the clouds made grain to spring on the earth?'"

The boy then, in his turn, poses a cosmic-mythological riddle—dear to the heart of the Hindu from the time of the theological brahmodya of the Veda—on the condition that, if Mūladeva solves it, he gets the bedstead; if not he becomes the boy's slave. Of course, Mūladeva fails; the boy takes hold of his arm, and takes him to his mother in Pāṭaliputra. Mūladeva, the unstable scape-grace, lived

there "a long time" with that wife and that son, and then returned to Ujjayinī, unable to keep steady company for ever.

Mūladeva is not merely versed in the direct arts, practices, and tricks of love; he is also celebrated in all accessories. He is a cultivated conversationalist; brilliant narrator; marvelous musician; expert in massage, perfumes, and ointments;[18] knows how to send a lady a present; in fact, man of the world and *arbiter elegantiæ*, or according to the Hindu Love-Bibles, a typical nāyaka, or "hero," who must really control no less than sixty-four accomplishments. These qualities come to the fore in Devendra's story.

In the broader sphere of tradition he, or his double Karṇīsuta, is a dhūrtapati, "master-thief," and author of a steya-çāstra. In the story of Maṇḍiya,[19] another of Devendra's stories, Mūladeva, after he has become king of Beṇṇāyaḍa, figures as a resourceful thief-catcher (à la Haroun-al-Rashid); cf. Kathāsaritsāgara 88 and 112; Vetālapañcaviṅçati 14 (Çivadāsa 13). As a corollary to his artistry in this science we may regard the statement that he was an adept in cipher. This is also one of the necessary qualifications of the great Hindu Macchiavelli, the celebrated Cāṇakya, Minister of king Candragupta, who like Richard III, was born with teeth in his mouth.[20] Cāṇakya goes by the nick-name Kāuṭilya, *i. e.*, "Crooks."[21] The recent publication of his Arthaçāstra, or "Science of Politics" is one of the important events of Indology.

Mūladeva is, furthermore, a great magician. In Devendra's story he slaps a hunch-backed female slave upon the back, and, presto, she becomes straight. Particularly he has always at his hands one of those magic pills.[22] They are familiar in Devendra's stories; in the

[18] In Weber's Catalog of the Royal Library in Berlin, vol. I, p. 306, Mūladeva is mentioned in a series of authors on personal toilet: snānīya-sugandhisamuddeçaḥ . . . mukhavāsasamuddeçaḥ . . . sarvottamasāurabhya-samuddeçaḥ, and so on.

[19] See Jacobi, "Ausgewählte Erzählungen," p. 65.

[20] Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born, to signify thou camest to bite the world. Henry VI.

[21] Cf. Daçakumāracarita 1 (end); Çukasaptati 3 (where Kuṭila is the name of a rogue).

[22] Gulikā, guḍikā, guṭikā; in Vetālapañcaviṅçati 14 (Civadāsa's version) siddhaguṭikā; in Bṛhatkathāmañjarī 9. 743, yogaguṭikā (correct); ibid., 9. 731,

story of Mūladeva our hero thus transforms himself into a dwarf. All sorts of devices for such transformations are familiar in Hindu fiction; see especially Kathākoça, pp. 103, 110, 114, 130, 135, 184; Kathāsaritsāgara 37 and 74 (cf. Tawney, II, p. 632); Prabandhacintāmaṇi, p. 106; Meyer's Translation of Daçakumāracarita, p. 83.

The dramatic, or almost tragic note in Mūladeva's character is his love for gambling. In the story digested above the boy, on arriving in Ujjayinī, finds his father duly engaged in gambling in the gambling-hall, just as the theft of the bedstead is a jibe on Mūladeva's reputation as master-thief. In Samayāmātṛkā 6.29 Mūladeva is said to be skilled in the practices of the demon Kali, meaning that he is a gambler. Devendra's story begins by telling that his father drove him from home on account of this passion of his. In the same story he, like Yudhiṣṭhira or Nala, loses his all by gambling; in consequence he is humiliated by a rival, and is driven from the side of his beloved, the hetæra Devadattā.[23]

It is a curious, yet rational trait of story tradition that an outside atmosphere of complacency or benignity surrounds the scape-grace shape of Mūladeva. The story-tellers all like him. Don Giovanni must go to perdition in the end, but, as long as he lives, he is too entertaining to be read out of stage or drawing-room. It is true that one solemn Jain text, the Jñātādhyāyana 19, cites him, or what amounts to the same, his companion Kaṇḍarīka, as a forbidding example of sensuality.[24] Yet there is no mistaking that he is beloved of the romancer. And so it has come to pass that this dissolute rogue and companion of the base, this "Schlaumeier and Erzspitzbube," as Jacobi once designated him, is done over into a real pious hero by another Jain writer, Devendra, the author of the Vṛtti to the Uttarādhyāyana. We are accustomed to an important difference in the handling of fiction by Brahmanical texts on the one hand and Buddhist and Jinist texts on the other. Brahmanical fiction is essentially secular, tho it is employed sententiously to illustrate both the

yogaghaṭikā or yogāñgulikā (both corrupt); in Sāmavidhāna-Brāhmaṇa 3. 4. 3, golikā. See above, and Jacobi, "Ausgewählte Erzählungen," p. 9, line 38; 10, line 1; 31, lines 29–33.

[23] See below, p. 641.

[24] See Leumann, WZKM. vi. 43.

utilitarian and moral aspects of life (artha, kāuṭilya, nīti, dharma). But the Buddhist and Jinist texts are religious forthright; they teach the high piety, the high moral law, the dhamma. Yet they work up the same variegated, unmoral, often immoral fiction, and that, too, always under the cloak of teaching the law (dhammakathā, dhammakahā). The texts are full of curious discrepancies between the tissue of the story which is often palpably phlogistic, so to say, if not prurient, and the sententious piety which hangs from it as loose embroidery. It comes as a shock when we read in Aṇḍabhūta-Jātaka, how a king who is the future Buddha hires a professional rascal (dhutta) to corrupt an innocent young girl by pander's tricks worthy of the doctrines of the Kuṭṭanīmata or Samayāmātṛkā, in order that he may beat his own chaplain (purohita) at gambling. The text has in mind to bring out in strongest relief the mental superiority of the Buddha, but at what cost? It is hard to shut out the impression that those good saints, those Bhikkhus and Arhats; those Sāhus and Kevalins liked a romantic, or even salacious story for its own sake; that they sat there in their vihāras and āçramas with something very like the ghost of a smirk on their faces listening to what people will always listen to, but saving their faces in the end by drawing the moral which tacks itself gratuitously to the heels of almost any naughty entertainment.

The story of Mūladeva, as told by Devendra, is a *tour-de-force* of this sort, which is hard to beat and not quite easy to understand. Mūladeva is still the gambler who gambles away the clothes off his back; the black-art practitioner; the musician; the companion of low women; the *viveur;* and the resourceful adventurer. None of these qualities, we must note, respond to the Jinistic ideal. But the story recoins many of these values; it makes him out a veritable pattern and exemplar: skilled in every accomplishment, versed in many arts, noble of mind, of grateful disposition, a heroic protector, virtuous, clever, and gifted with beauty, grace, and youth. Or, in the words of Devadattā, the hetæra, whose devotion to him is the saving motif of the story: "he is wise, of noble soul, a very ocean of kindliness, skilled in the arts, pleasant of speech, grateful, virtuous, and of discerning mind." One is surprised at hearing the jargon of the

Hindu counsel of perfection—this is about what it amounts to—on such a stage and from such mouths. The way these people declaim on, and really seem honestly to admire "virtue," fits vice-crusaders better than denizens of the lower world. Aside from this paradox the happenings of the story, event by event, are sheer romance, strangely uncongenial to an Acta Sanctorum.

The purpose of the Jinist writer is served thus: Mūladeva's fortunes sink to a very low ebb indeed, because of his passion for gambling, and the rivalry of a rich suitor for the favor of Devadattā, named Ayala. In the end he manages by dint of a frankly selfish act of piety to obtain success through the favor of the gods. He gives his own scant food, which he has just obtained by begging, to a saintly ascetic who has come to a certain village, in order to break a month's fast. In consequence thereof he obtains the kingship of Beṇṇāyaḍa. The point is, that it pays to serve holy ascetics. I must say, I like Devendra, the story-teller, better than Devendra, the theologian.

Something needs to be said about the remaining characters of this story. The heroine, Devadattā,[25] belongs to the type of the beautiful and noble hetæra, gifted with every grace of heart and mind. Howsoever difficult we may find it to adjust this conception to our ideas, the fact is that with the Hindus this is a settled conception, and a settled type in fiction. The system of the erotic books deals with various grades of hetæras; the first grade, called gaṇikā, standing for the type of noble hetæra.[26] We need not try the hopeless task of appreciating such distinctions. Taken in bulk they are in the main the product of the naive schematism of the Hindu mind. Yet there is an appreciable sediment of reality as regards the beginning and end of the classification: there are vile and noble hetæras. For an extreme example of the former class see the parallel stories, Kathāsaritsāgara 58; Kathākoça, p. 128 ff.; Kalāvilāsa (Meyer's

[25] A commentator of Subandhu's Vāsavadattā substitutes the name Nagaramaṇḍanā, stating that a hetæra of that name was captivated by Mūladeva's superior intellectual qualities. See Weber, "Indische Streifen," I., 383, note 2.

[26] See Schmidt, "Beiträge zur Indischen Erotik," pp. 278 ff., 788 ff.; Meyer, Daçakumāracarita, p. 41 ff.; Samayāmātṛkā, pp. ix ff.; Çukasaptati 45.

Samayāmātṛkā, p. L ff.) As regards the noble hetæra the classical figures of Aspasia, or Phryne, or Laïs, those "companions" of antique swell society, come easily to mind as parallels, but parallels may run on different planes. The character of the Hindu hetæra is at times really noble. Such a hetæra, Vasantatilakā, is the friend of the princess Ratnamañjarī, in Kathākoça, p. 151; another one, Kuberasenā, shows the greatest devotion to her children, in Pariçiṣṭaparvan 2. 225 ff.; a third one is remarkable for her intellect in Prabandhacintāmaṇi, p. 67.

The story of king Vikramāditya and Madanamālā, Kathāsaritsāgara 38, is a story of a hetæra's true devotion which winds up with the reflection: "Thus, king, even hetæras are occasionally of noble character, and as faithful to kings as their own wives, much more than matrons of high birth." Accordingly, Prabandhacintāmaṇi, p. 116, describes the hetæra Cāulādevī as a famous vessel of beauty and good faith, excelling even matrons of good family. But the high standing of courtezans, as well as their nobility of character, is illustrated best by Vasantasenā, the famous heroine of the "Toy-Cart." She loves the Brahman merchant Cārudatta, who has impoverished himself by liberality, and ultimately becomes his wife. In our story Devadattā rivals Vasantasenā in tone and character, and yet she is a courtezan with a villainous "Mama" to guide and browbeat her, and otherwise surrounded with all the animate and inanimate real properties of her vocation. The description of the Mama, as given in Samayāmātṛkā and Kuṭṭanīmatam, shall not blacken these pages,[27] but I may draw attention, as one of the gems of our romance, to the symbolic debate between the Mama and Devadattā which contrasts the former's sordidness with the latter's refinement.

In the legend at large Mūladeva is in the habit of training with a friend, or boon companion. Mention has been made above (p. 622) of one Kaṇḍarīa (Skt. Kaṇḍarīka), but Kaṇḍarīka belong rather to the Bambhadatta cycle of stories, as one name (the other is Varadhaṇu, or Varadhaṇuga) of the *fidus Achates* of the adventurous prince Bambhadatta.[28] In the Bṛhat-kathā books (Kathāsaritsāgara

[27] Cf. the doings of Daṅṣṭrākarālā and Dhūrtāmāyā in Çukasaptati 22 and 23.

[28] Cf. Leumann, WZKU. vi. 43.

and Bṛhatkathāmañjarī) the name of Mūladeva's companion is Çaçin. The commentator Bālakṛṣṇa, to Bāṇa's Kādambarī, 19.16 (Peterson's edition), alludes to him as çaça "Hare."[29] This Çaçin, a sort of Leporello to Mūladeva's Don Giovanni, flits across the Mūladeva legend with tantalizing elusiveness: we should like to know more of him. It is rather curious that Devendra's novelette fails to mention him. But I think that he is, after all, there by reflection. When Mūladeva is driven out of Ujjenī by the Mama's machinations, he starts without a penny to bless himself with for Beṇṇāyada, where he ultimately becomes king. On the way he comes to an extensive forest. At the sight of it he reflects that, "if he could meet some other person traveling in the same direction, so that he might at least have someone to talk to, the journey through might be pleasant enough." Opportunely there comes along a Ḍhakka-Brahman, which I take to mean a "Brahman of the Thugs."[30] In his company Mūladeva crosses the forest. There is regularly a touch of facetiousness in this road-companionship, but this time the joke is rather on Mūladeva. For three days they travel together. Mūladeva has nothing to eat, whereas the Ḍhakka has a well-provisioned knapsack. At each meal-time the Ḍhakka feasts without offering Mūladeva anything, until the time comes for parting. They exchange names and addresses, and Mūladeva, tho treated thus shabbily, expresses his gratitude for the companionship. Later on, when he has become king Vikrama, he presents the Ḍhakka with a village. The curious anecdote seems to me to reflect the companion of Mūladeva, and to serve the additional purpose of placing in strong relief the grateful disposition which the story explicitly ascribes to Mūladeva.

The Jaina story of Mūladeva in Māhārāṣṭrī Prākrit, by the Jaina chronicler Devendra,[31] gathers up the adventures and unfolds the

[29] The same authority mentions also Acala (Ayala), Mūladeva's rival, as one of his friends. Also a personage by the name of Vipula, otherwise unheard of in the story: Karṇīsutaḥ Karaṭakaḥ steyaçāstrapravartakaḥ tasyākhyātāu sakhāyāu dvāu Vipula-Acalasamjñitāu Caçaç ca mantripravaraḥ.

[30] See the note below, p. 641.

[31] Edited by Jacobi, "Ausgewählte Erzählungen in Māhārāṣṭrī," pp. 56–65; elaborated, or translated by Pavolini, "Vicende del Tipo di Mūladeva,"

character of this singular personage more completely and consistently than all the rest of the data which occur scatteringly in the remaining literature. It is a legendary biography without any real historical value. There certainly existed at some time or another an author Mūladeva, the son of the woman Karṇī (or Goṇī), skilled in the *ars amatoria* and kindred topics. But this connected quasi-biography, well-knit and consistent, a rattling good story, so to speak, reveals itself on closer inspection as both legendary and unoriginal. The individual items of the story are for the most part recurrent motifs from earlier sources. Devendra's skill lies in his power to connect and to imbue with life the separate members of his story. The shifting, flitting, shadowy figure of Mūladeva shapes itself into a real person in his hands. Devadattā, in whom is embalmed the notion of the noble hetæra, becomes, whether we will or not, a personage altogether lovable. The Mama makes us forget her own baseness by the sheer force of her character and the wit of her utterances. Her sayings and doings are, perhaps, the best and most original feature of the story. Mūladeva's rival, Ayala, is well delineated. Mūladeva's mishaps, the manner in which he prepares for greatness, his dream of kingship, and his choice as king of Beṇṇāyaḍa are well told. The entire setting of the story, from the moment that Mūladeva arrives in Ujjenī and becomes acquainted with Devadattā, betrays the practised skill of a good dramatist, and reveals Devendra as more than a rival of the best Jātaka-narrators. In the following translation the parallels to the individual items are stated in the notes, without, however, going into the details of comparison. For the materials involved in these comparisons, as indeed for the data involved in this essay as a whole, I am indebted in part to the essays or translations of the scholars mentioned in the foot-note on p. 632. Jacobi's excellent edition of Devendra's stories with vocabulary has long been an Indological classic.

Giornale della Società Asiatica Italiana, IX. 175 ff.; by Charpentier, "Paccekabuddhageschichten" (Upsala, 1908), pp. 57 ff.; and by John Jacob Meyer, "Hindu Tales" (London, 1909), pp. 193 ff.

THE ADVENTURES OF MŪLADEVA AS TOLD BY DEVENDRA.

There is a city called Ujjenī. A certain Rajput, Mūladeva by name,[32] had been cast out by his father because he was addicted to the vice of gambling,[33] and after roaming over the earth had come to this city from Pāṭaliputta. He was withal skilled in every art; versed in many sciences; of noble mind; of grateful disposition; a hero to those who sought his protection; devoted to virtue; courteous; clever; and gifted with beauty, grace, and youth. In Ujjenī he changed his appearance by virtue of a magic pill,[34] took on the shape of a dwarf, and astonished the city folk by his many stories, by his skill in music and other arts, and by the performance of sundry jugglers' tricks, so that he became a celebrity.

Now there lived at that time in Ujjenī a most elegant courtezan, Devadattā by name, proud of her beauty, charm, and intellect. Mūladeva heard that her pride was such that she took no pleasure in any ordinary mortal. He became curious, and, in order to stir her emotions, stationed himself at daybreak near her house, and began to intone a sweet-sounding melody. His voice vibrated with its many modulations; his song was exquisite in the harmony of its various sounds. Devadattā heard it and thought: "Ah, what an incomparable voice; this must be a god, not a mere man!"[35] She sent out her slave-girls to look for him, and, when they found him, they saw that Mūladeva had the shape of a dwarf, all of which they reported to Devadattā. She then dispatched a hunchbacked slave, Māhavā by name, to call him. Māhavā went up to him, and addressed him politely: "Very noble sir, my mistress Devadattā bids thee favor her with a visit to our house."

Mūladeva slily disguised his purpose, and answered her: "I have

[32] The part of the story beginning here, up to the point where Mūladeva is disgraced by Ayala, is essentially the same as the story of Lohajañgha, Kathāsaritsāgara 12. 78 ff.; see the notes in Tawney's Translation, vol. I., p. 574.

[33] Cf. Kathasāritsāgara 121.

[34] See above, p. 627.

[35] The theme of the lure of a beautiful voice recurs frequently (see Benfey's Pañcatantra i. 436 ff.): Meyer, "Hindu Tales," p. 263 ff.; Ardschi-Bordschi-Chan, second interpolation in 11th story (Jülg, Mongolische Märchen); Goontilleke, Orientalist, i. 277 ff.

no use for the society of courtezans; genteel men are forbidden to associate with dissolute women. As the poet says:[36]

"A courtezan is a most degraded person; she is worn out by countless gallants, is given over to drink and gluttony. She is soft of speech, but evil of mind: such a one is not regarded by gentles.

"Like the crest of a flame her nature is to devour; like intoxicating drink she bewilders the senses; like a razor she cuts the body; aye, like a thorn the courtezan is rued!

"Therefore I have no desire to go to her."

The slave-woman, however, beguiled his soul with many enticing expressions, insistently took him by the hand, and led him to the house. As he went he slapped her crooked back, and by virtue of his great art and magic skill, she was made straight. With astounded mind she brought him to the house, where Devadattā beheld him, a dwarf in shape, yet incomparably charming. In a daze she bade him be seated, and offered him betel.[37] Then Māhavā exhibited her restored figure, and told the whole story. Devadattā, still more amazed, began to converse in sweet and cultivated language: her heart was attracted to him. As says the poet:

"The conversation of clever men, pleasant in its courtliness, adroitly witty, delightful in its delicate sounds, that is sorcery—what use is there in magic roots!"[38]

It happened that a certain lute-player arrived there and sounded his lute. Devadattā was pleased, and exclaimed: "Bravo, Mister lutist, bravo, your skill is exquisite!" But Mūladeva said: "Ah, the Ujjenī-folk are passing clever; they know the difference between what is beautiful, and what is not beautiful." Devadattā asked: "Sir, what is wrong here?" Mūladeva replied: "The tube of the lute is unclean; the string full of flaws." She asked how he knew,

[36] These two stanzas are quoted in Sanskrit; Charpentier, *l. c.*, p. 59, suggests that they may be from a lost work by Mūladeva himself. See another description of the baseness of courtezans in Çukasaptati 23.

[37] For the use of betel in erotic practices see Schmidt, "Beiträge zur Indischen Erotik," Index, p. 945; for its character and chronology see Hörnle, "Uvāsagadasāo," Translation, p. 20, note; Speyer, "Studies about the Kathāsaritsāgara," p. 49.

[38] See Meyer's good note on this stanza, p. 195.

and he said, he would show her. The lute was handed him, and he drew a pebble from the tube, and a hair out of the string.[39] Then he put it in order and began to play. Devadattā and her attendants were transported. A she-elephant nearby which was always in the habit of roaring stood still rocking herself, with her ears down.[40] Devadattā and the lute-player in surprise thought: "Verily, he is Vissakammā (the Creator) in disguise!" Then she dismissed the lute-player with presents.

Dinner-time arrived and Devadattā ordered the massagist, so that they might both bathe. Mūladeva said: "Permit me to do your anointing."[41] Devadattā asked: "What! do you know this also?" and Mūladeva replied: "I do not know it perfectly, but I have stood in the presence of them that know." They brought campaka-oil; he proceeded to anoint; she was enchanted. And she thought: "What exceeding skill, what unexcelled touch: he must be some divine personage in disguise; ordinarily such excellence does not reside in a person of such shape. I must make him disclose his true shape!" She fell at his feet, and said: "Noble Sir, your unparalleled virtues of themselves mark you as a superior person. Such a one is gracious to those who appeal to him, and anxious to oblige. Show me therefore your true self, my heart longs greatly to see you!" When she kept on importuning, Mūladeva, laughing softly, removed the magic pill which had changed him, and assumed his true form. He appeared resplendent as the sun, like the God of Love bewildering all creatures by his beauty, his body abounding in

[39] Marvelous skill in detecting flaws in objects that are supposed to be perfect, Suppāraka-Jātaka, first part. Cf. the four wonderful house-servants of King Jitāri, Weber, "Handschriften-Verzeichniss," Vol. II., p. 1093, bottom; or the skill tricks in Pariçiṣṭaparvan 8. 170 ff.; Prabandhacintāmaṇi, p. 45.

[40] In Kathākoça, p. 65 ff., occurs a tourney of lute-players for the hand of princess Gandharvadattā: the music of the first quiets a mad elephant; that of the second makes a tree burst into blossom; that of the third attracts a distant deer; that of the fourth makes an elephant give up a half devoured sweet; and, finally, a fifth soothes the entire assembly to sleep. In Prabandhacintāmaṇi, p. 122, the musician Solāka sings so that a dry branch bursts forth into buds. In Kathāsaritsāgara 11 King Udayana subdues evermore with his lute wild elephants, and taming them brings them home.

[41] One of the sixty-four accomplishments (kalā) of the typical man of the world (nāyaka). See Schmidt, "Beiträge," p. 143.

fresh youth and grace. The hair on Devadattā's body stood erect with joy;[42] she again fell at his feet, and said, "You have shown me great favor!"

Then she anointed him with her own hands, and they both bathed and feasted in great state. She had him dressed in a robe fit for a god, and they passed the time in genteel conversation. Finally she said: "Noble Sir, excepting yourself, my heart has never inclined to any man. As has been truly said:

"'Whom may not one see with one's eyes, and with whom may not one hold conversation? Rare, however, is that quality in man which arouses joy in the heart.'[43]

"Therefore, to please me, you must come to this house quite constantly."

Mūladeva said: "O thou, that art devoted to virtue, an attachment to such as me, stranger that I am and poor, is not proper, nor is it likely to endure. As a rule attachments spring from self-interest alone. As the poets say:[44]

"'Birds abandon a tree whose fruit is gone; cranes a dried-up lake; bees a withered flower; and game a burnt forest.'

"'Courtezans abandon an impoverished man; servants a fallen king. Every person loves from self-interest; no one regards any other attachment.'"

Devadattā replied: "Own country or strange country are of no consequence to noble men.[45] The poet says:

"'The moon, though separated from the ocean, dwells on the head of Hara: wheresoever virtuous men go there they are carried on the head.[46] Likewise, wealth is of no consequence; noble men do

[42] Horripilation in Hindu stories is produced by joy as well as by fear; *e. g.*, Kathāsaritsāgara 10, 14, 124.

[43] According to Pavolini, GSAI. ix. 179, note, this stanza recurs in the Gāthākoça of Muṇicandrasūri.

[44] The following two stanzas are again in Sanskrit, quoted from an unknown author.

[45] This quasi proverbial statement is nullified by frequent expressions of love for home and country in Sanskrit literature; see Meyer's "Translation of Daçakumāracarita," p. 222, note.

[46] Hara (Çiva) wears the moon, whose original home is the ocean, as a diadem on his head: see Mṛcchakaṭikā (Stenzler's edition), p. 64, l. 10; Samayāmātṛkā 4. 26, 27, 29.

not attach much value to it; to virtue alone is their inclination.' Anent this it is said:

"'Speech is valued at a thousand; the rewards of love at a hundred thousand. But the devotion of a noble man exceeds a krore.'

"Therefore, by all means yield to my wishes." Then he consented, and there sprang up between them a union of surpassing love.

It came to pass that Devadattā danced before the king, while Mūladeva beat the drum. The king was delighted, granted her a boon, which she laid up in store.[47] But Mūladeva was so passionately addicted to gambling, that he did not keep even the clothes on his back. Devadattā, sweetly spoken, administered a friendly rebuke: "Dearly beloved, the passion of gambling in thee, that art the resort of all virtues, is a blemish, like the figure of the gazelle on the full-moon.[48] Gambling, as the poet says, is the foundation of every sin:[49]

"Gambling disgraces the family; is the enemy of truth; brings shame and grief upon parents and teacher. It destroys piety, and wastes property. It precludes liberality to others and own enjoyment: it steals from child and wife, from father and mother. O beloved do not adhere to this vice which makes forget God and teacher, and right and wrong; which ruins the body and leads to hell!

"Aye, by all means desist from this vice!" But Mūladeva could not control his exceeding passion.

Now there was a rich son of a merchant, Ayala by name, who had a host of friends, and was deeply smitten with Devadattā. He gave her whatever she asked; sent her clothes, jewels, and other presents. He bore Mūladeva a grudge, and sought out his vulnerable points. Mūladeva regarded Ayala with suspicion, and did not come to the house, unless there was some special occasion. Now Devadattā's "Mama"[50] said to her: "My child, drop Mūladeva! You

[47] This practice is referred to quite frequently: Kathākoça, p. 48; Prabandhacintāmaṇi, p. 77; Jātakas, Vol. I, p. 24.

[48] The Hindus fancy either a gazelle or a hare in the moon.

[49] Cf. the reflections on gambling in the gamblers' stories, Kathāsaritsāgara 121.

[50] This "Mama" is sometimes the real mother of the hetæra, but, generally speaking, rather a hired manager. See Dhanaṁjaya's Daçarūpa 2.

have no use for this penniless gallant, whereas Ayala is a stupendous giver who keeps on sending much wealth; attach yourself to him with all your soul! Two swords do not go into one scabbard, and one does not polish a non-precious stone.[51] Therefore drop this gambler!" Devadattā answered her: "I am not, my mother, bent upon money alone; to noble qualities rather is my inclination." Her mother asked of what sort were the noble qualities of that gambler, and Devadattā retorted: "Mama, he is altogether made up of virtues:

"He is wise, of noble soul, a very ocean of kindliness; skilled in the arts, pleasant of speech, grateful, devoted to virtue, and of discerning mind; therefore I shall not give him up!"

Then the mother started to convert her by means of sundry symbols: when Devadattā asked for red lac she gave it her dry; when she asked for sugar-cane she gave it her squeezed; when she asked for flowers she gave her mere stems.[52] And when pressed to explain, she said: "Of such sort is that most beloved of thine, and yet you will not give him up." But Devadattā thought that the mother was foolish in offering such illustrations.

(By way of counter-illustration) Devadattā then said to her mother: "Mama, ask Ayala for sugar-cane!" She spoke to him, whereupon he sent a cart-load. Devadattā burst out: "What, am I a she-elephant, to have sent me such a load of cane with leaves and branches?" The mother pointed out that he must surely be liberal to have sent in this wise. (Of course) Ayala had figured that Devadattā would share with others. Next day Devadattā said to Māhavī: "My dear, tell Mūladeva, Devadattā has a craving for sugar, therefore send her some!" She went and told him. Now

20; Samayāmātṛkā 1. 40 ff.; and especially 4. 9 ff. The Mama's greed for money comes out, ibid., 4. 80; her hostility to poor lovers of her charge, ibid., 5. 80 ff.

[51] The rendering of the second of these proverbs is not quite certain.

[52] These three symbols state technically how a hetæra should estimate her lover in dollars and cents. They appear to be borrowed directly from Samayāmātṛkā 5. 78: "After she (the hetæra) has sucked him (the lover) dry, and his serviceableness is at an end, she should throw him off like a squeezed stick of sugar-cane; for a withered flower disfigures the place where it has been put, and is removed from the braid of hair."

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Mūladeva took two sticks of cane, cut them into blocks two inches in length, sprinkled them with a mixture of four spices,[53] made them fragrant a bit with camphor, and split them slightly at both ends. Then he took some fresh jessamine, covered the cane with it, packed it and sent it off.[54] Māhavī went and delivered it; then Devadattā showed it to the mother, saying: "Regard, Mama, the difference between men: this is why I am taken with these his qualities."

The mother concluded that Devadattā was hopelessly infatuated; that she would not of her own accord let go of Mūladeva; and that, therefore, she herself must find a way by which that gallant might be driven out: then all would be well. So, after reflection, she said to Ayala: "Pretend to her that you are going to another town. Then, when Mūladeva has come, do you arrive with a retinue and shame him in such a way that he will leave the place in disgrace. Then you two will be united. I shall furnish you the needed information." He agreed, and on the next day did just as he had been told. He went off, pretending that he was going to another town. Mūladeva came; Ayala was informed by the mother, and arrived with a large retinue.

Devadattā saw Ayala coming, and said to Mūladeva: "Such and such is the situation; mother has accepted money sent by him. Do you therefore for a while hide under the couch." He did so, but Ayala spied him, seated himself upon the couch, and told Devadattā to get ready all the belongings of a bath. Devadattā agreed and told him to get up and put on a robe, in order to be anointed.[55] Then Ayala said: "I saw to-day in a dream, that I would be dressed, anointed, and bathed here upon this couch; make then my dream come true." Devadattā asked whether he wished to spoil all the valuable belongings, such as coverlets and pillows, but he replied that he would give her others, more sumptuous. The Mama agreed with this; Ayala was anointed, massaged, and washed with warm bath-

[53] Cāturjāta; cf. Schmidt; "Beiträge zur Indischen Erotik," p. 850.

[54] Cf. perhaps the games called ikṣubhañjikā "breaking of sugar-cane," and navekṣubhakṣikā "feasting on fresh sugar-cane," mentioned in Schmidt, "Beiträge zur Indischen Erotik," p. 196. They belong to the accomplishments of the nāyaka, or "elegant."

[55] Cf. the dripping vesture after a bath of the heroine in Karpūramañjarī i. 27; and see Meyer's note on this passage, p. 203.

ing water right there on the couch, so that Mūladeva, who lay underneath, was drenched with it. Then Ayala's men entered, armed, and the mother gave the signal. Ayala seized Mūladeva by the hair, and said to him: "Ho there! see now if you find any one to protect you!" Mūladeva looked about him, and perceived that he was surrounded by men with sharp swords in their hands. Then he reflected: "I cannot get away from them, but I must live to retaliate for their enmity. Now I am unarmed, so this is not the time for heroic deeds." Then he said to Ayala: "Do what you please!"

Ayala observed that Mūladeva by his very carriage showed himself to be a person of distinction, and reflected that great men in the course of the revolving cycle of existences easily get into misfortune. As the poet says:

"Who in this world is always lucky, who can rely upon Fortune's favors? Who does not on occasion take a fall, aye, who is not crushed by fate?"

Then he said to Mūladeva: "Tho you have come to such a pass, do you now go free, and, if ever, by the might of fate, I should come to grief, treat me just as I have treated you!"

Then Mūladeva went from the city disspirited and sad, brooding: "See how I have been tricked by this man." He first bathed in a clear pond, and then decided to travel to a distant land, there to devise some scheme of retaliation.[56] He set out toward Beṇṇāyaḍa. After passing many villages and towns he came to the edge of a forest twelve leagues in length. It occurred to him that if he could meet some other person traveling in the same direction, so that he might at least have some one to talk to, then the journey through might be quite pleasant. After a while there approached a Ḍhakka-Brahman[57] of distinguished appearance, equipped with a sack of

[56] A sort of "Live to fight another day." See the proverbial statement to that effect, Pariçiṣṭaparvan 8. 256.

[57] The words ḍhakka, ṭhakka, ṭakka, ṭāka, Mahratti ṭhaka, are Hindu terms for a despised people, tribe, caste, or guild; see Kern, "Indische Studien," XIV. 396; Meyer, to the present passage, p. 205, note. According to Pischel, "Grammatik der Prākrit-Sprachen," § 25, a dialect called Ḍhakkī is spoken by gamblers in the second act of the Mṛcchakaṭikā. Sanskrit sthaga, "cunning, sly, fraudulent, dishonest," reported by the lexicographers, is probably the same word; cf. Sthagikā, the name of a thieving courtezan,

provisions. Mūladeva asked: "Reverend Sir, have you far to go?" He replied: "There is beyond the forest a place called Vīranihāṇa; there is where I am going. And where may you be bound for?" Mūladeva said that he was going to Beṇṇāyaḍa, and the Doctor then proposed that they should travel together. The two of them started, and, as they marched along, they saw at noon-time a clear pool. The Dhakka proposed that they should rest a while, whereupon they went to the water and washed their hands and feet. Mūladeva sat down in

Çukasaptati 7. The words most frequently imply stinginess. Mahratti ṭhaka, according to Yule, "Dictionary of Anglo-Indian Terms," is the name in that language of the notorious guild of the Thugs (see under that word), and it seems to me likely that we have in all these words the precursors in Hindu literature of the Thugs, or Phansigars, even though stinginess and roguery, rather than murderousness, are their characteristics in the literary documents referred to. According to Hörnle, Uvāsagadasāo," Appendix ii, note 8, Pāli cora-ghātaka, German "Raubmörder," is the equivalent of modern ṭhag. I add here the curiously parallel Ṭakka-anecdote from Kathāsaritsāgara 65. 140 ff.: "There lived somewhere a rich but foolish Ṭakka who was a miser. He and his wife were always eating barley-grits without salt, and he never learned the taste of any other food. Once the Creator moved him to say to his wife: 'I have conceived a desire for a milk-pudding; cook me one today.' His wife agreed, and proceeded to cook the pudding, while the Ṭakka remained indoors, concealed in bed, for fear some one should see him, and drop in on him as a guest. In the meantime a friend of his, a Ṭakka who was fond of mischief, came there, and asked his wife where her husband was. And he, lying on the bed, said to her: 'Sit down here, and remain weeping and clinging to my feet, and say to my friend: "My husband is dead." When he is gone we will comfortably consume this pudding.' After he had told her this she began to cry, and the friend came in and asked her what was the matter. She said to him: 'Look my husband is dead.' But he reflected: 'I saw her a moment ago happy enough, cooking a pudding; how comes it that her husband is now dead, tho he has had no illness? No doubt the two have arranged this trick, because they saw that I had come as a guest. So I will not go.' Thereupon the mischievous fellow sat down and began crying out, 'Alas, my friend! Alas, my friend!' Then his relations came in and prepared to take that silly Ṭakka to the burning-place, for he still continued to counterfeit death. But his wife came to him and whispered in his ear: 'Jump up, before these relation take you off to the pyre and burn you.' The foolish man answered his wife in a whisper: 'No! that will never do, for this cunning Ṭakka wishes to eat my pudding." The story goes on to tell that the stingy Ṭakka actually allowed himself to be burned, sacrificing his life in order to save his pudding. The story does not, as far as I can see, occur in the two sister-texts of the Kathāsaritsāgara, namely, Bṛhatkathāmañjarī and Bṛhatkathāçlokasaṁgraha.

the shade of a tree on the bank. The Ḍhakka loosened his provision-sack, put grits into a dish, moistened them with water, and fell to eating. Mūladeva thought: "This is just what you might expect from the Brahman gang, to be given over to feeding;[58] doubtless he will offer me some later on." But the Doctor, after having eaten, tied up his knapsack, and proceeded on his way. Mūladeva followed, hoping that he would give him something in the evening. Yet in the evening he ate in exactly the same way, and did not give him anything. Mūladeva proceeded, hoping that he would give him something in the morning. Night overtook them as they traveled; they stepped from the road, and slept under a banyan-tree. At daybreak they set out again; at noon they halted after the same fashion, but the Ḍhakka ate just as before, giving him nothing. On the third day Mūladeva thought that, now that the forest was almost crossed, he would surely on this day give him something. Yet even then he did not give him anything. They crossed the forest, and their roads parted. The Doctor said: "Sir, this is your road, and this is mine; depart you therefore by this." Mūladeva said: "Reverend Doctor, I have traveled with your assistance. My name is Mūladeva: if my affairs should ever prosper, then you must visit me in Beṇṇāyaḍa. What now might your name be?" The Ḍhakka said: "Saddhaḍa, but people also know me by the nick-name Nigghiṇasamma."[59] The Doctor then started for his village; Mūladeva proceeded to Beṇṇāyaḍa.

After a while he perceived a house which he entered for alms. After that he tramped through the entire village, obtaining some lentils, but nothing else. Then he started toward a pool. There shortly he perceived a mighty ascetic of great majesty, his body lean from abstinence, who was entering (the village) to break a month's fast. When Mūladeva saw him the hair on his body stood erect with joy, as he thought, "Oh, I am in luck, my fortune is made, since this

[58] A Brahman without greed is hard to find, according to Harṣacarita 6 (Bombay edition, 1897, p. 181); cf. Weber, "Indische Studien," X., 61, 62.

[59] Saddhaḍa seems to mean, ironically, something like "Pious Giver"; Nigghiṇasamma, something like "Devotee of Pitilessness."

mighty ascetic has at this juncture come within the path of my sight. For I shall certainly come into fortune:

"As the wish-tree in the Marutthalī-desert, as a shower of gold in a poor man's house, as a royal elephant in the house of a Pariah, thus here is this great-souled saint.

"Purified by insight and knowledge; intent upon the five great vows; wise; endowed with patience, gentleness, and rectitude; intent upon salvation; devoted to study, meditation, and self-mortification; pure in thought; engrossed with the five-fold samiti-virtues, and the three-fold gupti-restraints; without wordly goods; free from the attachments of house-holders—this noble person is a Sāhu (Saint).

"Such a person is a fruitful field, irrigated by the water of holy thought: wealth deposited in it as grain yields endless crops both here and in the other world.

"I must not therefore hesitate: I shall offer him these lentils. Since the village is stingy, this noble Sāhu, after having visited some houses, will come back here. But I shall make two or three trips, so as to get more; there is also another village nearby. Then I shall give him all I have gathered."

Thereupon, with reverent gestures, he offered his lentils to the Saint. The Sāhu, observing the perfection of his obeisance, understanding the pure-mindedness of this gift of his possessions, said: "O thou who art devoted to piety, let me take a little," and held out his bowl. Mūladeva's zeal increased as he gave, and the Sāhu chanted in metre (the following half of a stanza): "Verily, fortunate are the men whose lentils serve for the Sāhu's break of fast!" Then a divinity in heaven, devoted to the Saint, pleased with Mūladeva's piety, called out: "O son Mūladeva, thou hast done well! Therefore, in the second half of this stanza (recited by the Saint), ask what thou wishest: I shall grant all!" Mūladeva chanted: "The courtezan Devadattā, a thousand elephants, and a kingdom!" The divinity responded: "My son, live without care. Very shortly thou shalst obtain all this by the might of the sage's feet."[60] Mūladeva said: "O blessed divinity, thus be it!" Then he bade farewell and

[60] In Prabandhacintāmaṇi (Tawney's translation), p. 15, King Çālavāhana also owes his exalted station to the favor of an ascetic, to whom he, a poor carrier of wood, had given his barley-meal in order that he might break a month's fast.

returned (to the village). The Saint went to a grove. Mūladeva begged alms for the last time, ate and started for Beṇṇāyaḍa, where he arrived in due course.

By night he slept outside in the travelers' hospice, and in the last watch had a dream: The moon with full disc, her brilliance undimmed, entered into his body. Another tramp had the very same dream which he told to the rest of the tramps. One of them said: "You will to-day get a tremendously big cake full of ghee and sugar!" But Mūladeva did not tell his dream, thinking that they knew not its true meaning. The tramp started out for alms, did get from a house-wife such a cake as had been described, and joyously told the other tramps. Mūladeva went to some garden, where he made friends with a wreath-maker by helping him gather flowers. The gardener gave him some flowers and fruits. These he took, and, having adorned himself, went to the house of an interpreter of dreams. He paid his respects, and inquired about his prosperity and health. The teacher in turn addressed him politely, and inquired after his concerns. Mūladeva, with folded hands, narrated his dream, whereupon the teacher exclaimed joyously: "I shall interpret your dream in an auspicious hour; in the meanwhile now be my guest." Mūladeva accepted, bathed, and feasted sumptuously. After dinner the teacher said: "I have here a lovely daughter; out of regard for me do you marry her." Mūladeva said: "Father, would you make one whose family and character you do not know your son-in-law?" The teacher replied. "My son, behavior of itself betrays a man's family, even when he has not made mention of it." The poet says:[61]

"Behavior declares one's family, speech one's country; agitation betrays love; and personal appearance the food one subsists on." Moreover:

"Is it necessary to impart smell to the lotus, or sweet to sugar; or to teach sport to noble elephants, or refinement to them that have sprung from a good family"?[62] And again:

[61] This stanza in Sanskrit.

[62] See Agaḍadatta, stanza 75 (Jacobi, "Ausgewählte Erzählungen," p. 72): "Who paints the peacock, or imparts their gait to the royal swans? Who bestows fragrance upon the lotus, and good manners upon them that are sprung from noble families?"

"If virtue be present, what matters family? The virtuous have no need of family; but a yet more grievous stain on the vicious is the very stainlessness of their family."

By such and the like saws he was induced to consent and marry her in an auspicious hour. Then he was told the purport of the dream, namely, that he should be king within seven days.[63] When he heard that he was rejoiced, and stayed there happily. On the fifth day he went outside the city and sat down in the shade of a campaka-tree.

At that time the king of the city died without leaving a son. Then the five royal emblems (magic electors of a king) were consecrated.[64] After roaming about within the city they went outside, and came upon Mūladeva. He was discovered sitting in shade that did not shift.[65] On beholding him the elephant roared; the steed neighed; the water-pitcher sprinkled; the chowries fanned; and the sun-shade[66] stood over Mūladeva. Thereupon the people shouted "Hail, Hail." The elephant lifted him upon his back; he was conducted into the

[63] In Pariçiṣṭaparvan 8. 231, a pregnant woman desires to drink the moon: it is a sign that her son will become king. The sight of the moon in a dream secures to Madanarehā an imperial son, in the story of Nami, Jacobi's "Ausgewählte Erzählungen," p. 41, l. 23 ff.; Kathākoça, p. 19. There are many other dreams and signs of future royalty: In Pariçiṣṭaparvan 6. 232, the son of a courtezan by a barber dreams that Pāṭaliputra is surrounded by his entrails, whereupon he becomes king of that city. In Jagaddeva's Svapnacintāmaṇi, 1. 62, we have: "He who surrounds in his dream a city or village with his entrails as a magic instrument, becomes prince in the city, ruler of a province in the village." (Half a dozen parallel verses from other texts are quoted by von Negelein, the editor of this last text.) To be born with teeth is a sign of future kingship, Pariçiṣṭaparvan 8. 196. In Prabandhacintāmaṇi, p. 80, a three-year old prince seats himself upon the throne, and is immediately crowned king. In the same text, p. 117, a king washes the feet of a hermit, and recognizes by the upward lines on them and other signs, that the hermit is worthy of a throne.

[64] On this curious, widely prevalent magic practice see now Edgerton's paper, JAOS. xxxiii. 158 ff. The list of these five magic electors follows three lines below.

[65] This is a sign of the temporal or spiritual superiority of the person sitting in the shade. Meyer, p. 212, cites several instances from Hindu literature and elsewhere, to which add Prabandhacintāmaṇi, p. 16; Kathākoça, p. 97.

[66] puṇḍarīkaṁ sītam chattram: Kṣemendra's Lokaprakāça, i. 15 ("Indische Studien," XVIII. 327).

city, and consecrated king by ministers and vassals. The divinity then appeared on the firmament of the heavens, and proclaimed: "Behold, behold, this is the puissant king Vikkama, expert in all arts; his body is permeated with divinity! Therefore, him that does not do his bidding I shall not spare." Then the entire retinue of vassals, ministers, chaplains, and others became submissive to his commands. Mūladeva lived in the enjoyment of refined pleasures of the senses. Shortly he entered into relations with Viyāradhavala, the king of Ujjenī, and they became united in close mutual friendship.

While this was going on Devadattā, after she had witnessed Mūladeva's humiliation, became exceedingly wroth against Ayala. She upbraided him: "See here, I am a courtezan, and not your wedded wife,[67] and yet you behave thus in my house: now you need not trouble yourself about me any further!" Then she went before the king, fell at his feet, and said: "Grant me the favor of that gift (which I have reserved for myself)!"[68] The king said: "Speak out, the favor is already thine; what more have you to say?" Devadattā said: "Your Majesty, I desire that no man other than Mūladeva be bidden to me, and that Ayala be forbidden to come to my house." The king said: "It shall be as you please, but tell me now, what is this affair of yours?" Then Māhavī stated the case. The king became incensed against Ayala, and said, "How now, in this my city are these two jewels, and even these this fellow does maltreat!" He had him brought up and beaten; then he said to him: "Sirrah, are you king here, that you demean yourself thus? Therefore do you now seek protection, else I shall hold your life forfeit!" Devadattā said: "My lord, what purpose is served by killing him, dog as he is in the main:[69] let him go!" The king said: "Sirrah, I am going now to release you on the word of this noble woman, but

[67] See the story, Kathākoça, p. 187, of the leper husband, as illustrating by an extreme example the devotion of a wife. In Daçakumāracarita 6 (Mitragupta's third story) we read: "Husbands are the only divinities of wives, especially of wives of good family." In Kathāsaritsāgara 13, end: "Thus, O queen, women of good family, ever worship their husbands with chaste and resolute behavior."

[68] See above, p. 638.

[69] Or, "dog-foot," as he is. In Kathāsaritsāgara 13 a dog-foot is branded on the forehead as a sign of disgrace.

you shall obtain full pardon only when you have produced Mūladeva himself." Ayala fell at his feet and went out of the palace. He began to search in every direction, but even so he did not find him. Then on the full-moon of this very month[70] he loaded ships with wares and started for Persia.

In the meantime Mūladeva sent a letter and presents to Devadattā and to king Viyāradhavala. To the king he wrote: "I am greatly attached to this Devadattā; therefore, if it so pleases her, and if it is agreeable to you, kindly send her to me." The king said to his royal wardens: "I say, why has king Vikkama sent such a letter; is there any difference between him and me? Even this my entire kingdom belongs to him, how much more Devadattā: let her, however, state her own wishes!" Devadattā was called; the matter was explained to her, and she was permitted, if she so liked, to go to him. She said: "It is very gracious of you to permit me my heart's desire." Then the king honored her with presents of great value, and she was dispatched to Mūladeva who received her in greatest state. They ruled the kingdom in common, and Mūladeva lived with her, enjoying his love, but even more engrossed with building Jina temples and images, and doing honor to the Saints.

Now Ayala, who, in the course of his tour through Persia, had amassed great wealth and choice wares, arrived at Beṇṇāyaḍa, camping without the city. He asked the people the name of the king there, and was told, king Vikkama. Then he filled a dish with coined and uncoined gold and pearls, and went on a visit to the king. The king had a seat offered him; as soon as he was seated he recognized Ayala, but Ayala did not recognize the king. The king asked: "Whence has the merchant come?" And Ayala said, from Persia. On being honored by the king Ayala proposed: "Your majesty, send some inspector to appraise my wares." Whereupon the king said that he would go in person. The king went with a revenue officer,[71] and was shown the wares on the ships, consisting of mother-of-pearl, betel, sandal-wood, aloes, madder, and so on. In the

[70] tīe ceva ūṇimāe. Thus Jacobi's uncertain conjecture; Meyer, p. 215, note, "one account of this very deficiency." He does not state his authority.

[71] pañcaula = Skt. pañcakula: see Prabandhacintāmaṇi, pp, 18, note, and 84, and especially p. 208.

presence of the appraiser the king asked: "Look here, Mr. Merchant, is this the extent of your property?" Ayala answered: "Your majesty, it amounts to just so much." The king then ordered: "Make the merchant give half, but weigh in my presence!" The goods were weighed in bulk. By noticing their (unexpected) weight, by pushing against them with the feet, and by poking into them with a spike, valuables were found hidden within the madder[72] and the other bales. The king had the bales ripped open; a careful search revealed just where was the gold and the silver, and where the many other precious wares, such as crystals, pearls, and corals. The king, in anger, ordered his attendants: "Zounds, chain this convicted thief!" They chained Ayala, his heart beating. The king committed him to the hands of the guards, and returned to the palace.

The chief of the guards led him into the king's presence. And when the king saw him securely bound, he ordered his immediate release. Then he asked Ayala: "Do you know me?" Ayala said: "Who should not know the great princes that are famed over the whole earth?" The king said: "A truce to your flattery; say straightforth whether you know me!" Then Ayala said: "Your Majesty, I do not know you at all." Thereupon the king had Devadattā called; she appeared like a lovely Apsaras, wearing jewels on all her limbs. Ayala recognized her, and was mightily ashamed in his soul. And she said: "Behold this is that Mūladeva to whom you said at that time: 'Show thou courtesy to me also, if ever, by the might of fate, I should come to grief!' There lies your chance: now that you have gotten into danger to property and life, you are freed by the king who is kind to the humble and afflicted!" Upon hearing this he said, abashed in his soul: "Your mercy is great!" He fell at the feet of the king and of Devadattā. Then he addressed himself to the king: "I did at that time obscure Your Majesty who makes all people happy, who is adorned with every accomplishment,

[72] A curious parallel to this touch in the story occurs in Prabandhacintāmaṇi, p. 105. A young merchant "bought some sacks of madder, and, when he came to sell them, he saw some spoons of gold that had been hidden in them by merchants for fear of thieves." This text is acquainted with the Uttarādhyāyana literature in general; see p. 98.

just as Rāhu[73] obscures the ful-moon, spotless by nature: may Your Majesty pardon me that! Moreover, the king of Ujjenī, angry because I have abused you, does not allow me to enter that city." The king said: "You are already pardoned by the mercy of the queen." Ayala with great devotion again fell at their feet. Devadattā had him bathed and dressed in a robe of price, and the king remitted his duties. He was sent to Ujjenī, and Viyāradhavala, at the request of Mūladeva, pardoned him.

Nigghiṇasamma, too, having heard that Mūladeva had entered upon his kingdom, came to Beṇṇāyaḍa, and obtained an audience. The king, in a spirit of piety, presented him with the village he came from. He bowed in gratitude for the great favor and returned to the village.

At this time the tramp heard that Mūladeva had seen the same dream as himself, but that he had become king in consequence of his ardent desire. Now he thought: "I shall go where there is milk to be gotten. That I shall drink and sleep until I shall again see that dream."—As to whether he shall see it no man reporteth.

[73] The demon of eclipse.

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